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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Whenever men substitute custom for truth, whenever the antiquity of an ecclesiastical past, the geographical extent of a faith and the number of its adherents, pass as proof for the inner right and the inner vitality of a faith, there is also the abandonment of the demonstration of the spirit and of power. Every faith whose persistence depends upon its profession, "Once I was," is corroded with anxiety and weakness that make it impotent to regenerate the human heart and to liberate the human spirit. The faith of power has the other watchword, "I shall be!" And its power is that it feels the future alive in it.

—George Burman Foster in "The Function of Religion."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1909. NUMBER 3.

After all, what do we ask of life, here or indeed hereafter, but leave to serve, to live, to commune with our fellow-men and with ourselves; and from the lap of earth to look up into the face of God?

—*Michael Fairless.*

Much is being made in some quarters over the defeat of Tom Johnson's plans. His heroic fight as mayor of the city of Cleveland has given him national publicity. His struggles for municipal ownership, or, failing that, municipal control, and for a three-cent fare, have been in the limelight for several years, and now when the capitalistic world is pointing its finger at his "failure," and saying, "It will not work," "I told you so," "He is a mere dreamer," "There is nothing practical about his scheme," it transpires that there is a party in Cleveland demanding that he should run once more for the mayoralty and be his own successor. The Republicans are strong in the hope that they can beat him this time, but a strongly Republican paper admitted that in order to defeat him that party has been obliged to promulgate a platform that is essentially the Tom Johnson contention. The cause of truth triumphs in many ways. Perhaps most principles triumph in the defeat of their friends. Well does a writer in *La Follette's Magazine* for August 21, say, "Tom Johnson needs the people far less than the people need Tom Johnson."

What a pity that such splendid manifestation of physical endurance, spiritual persistence and intellectual pursuit of an ideal as were manifested by the long solitary itinerary in the frozen solitudes of the north and which mark the achievements of both Cook and Peary should be marred by the evidence of human distrust, pettiness, jealousy, or suspicion. It may be that in the final conclusions of science one or both of the expeditions in question will be judged misdirected as far as the outward objective point is concerned. It may, indeed, be the sad task of history to record wilful inflation or even deliberate fraud on the part of one or the other. But certainly there is not at the present time adequate evidence to warrant such damaging conclusions, and why not in the brief interim give human nature a fair hearing, take these men at their face value rather than stain the brilliant possibilities, not to say the extreme probabilities with suspicion and distrust? Better that the icy waste should have remained unvisited by mortal man for another century than that its discovery should so anticipate human magnanimity and generosity of the soul as to convert the triumphs into unbrotherly rivalries. Alas that we should find human nature trying to write small an achievement which at its minimum calls upon the thoughtful to uncover as if in the presence of divinity. UNITY bows with reverence before the achievements of both Cook and Peary taken at their least, and with all due respect for the North Pole we will hold the human quest for the same a more startling fact in Nature than the frozen point itself. We are glad of the discovery of the North Pole and believe that somehow it will redound to human advantage, but we are more glad of the human endeavor that made its discovery possible. The sextant, or whatever instrument is used, may show that both Peary and Cook missed the Pole, but no instrument of precision can defraud human nature of the costly achievement of these men.

How spake the Oracle? "Care for no name at all!
* * * * * *
The great deed ne'er grows small."

One of the many inevitable clashings of dates in a big city is that of the convention of the National Women's Trade Union League on the same dates, September 27 to 30, as the meeting of the National Unitarian Conference in Chicago. We fear that not many of the women who come as delegates to the Trade Union League will care much for the Unitarian meetings. Perhaps more of the Unitarians will care for the meetings held in the interest of the women of the trades, and still to the student these two conventions, so different on the surface, have much in common when measured in their profundities. Both believe in freedom of thought and action; both appeal from convention and custom to the dictates of progressive justice. Both are great incentives to those who believe that "new occasions teach new duties," that religion must apply itself to the problems of trade, and that business and the industries of life must be squared to the requirements of religion. The program of the Unitarian meetings has been promulgated in previous issues of this paper, and a copy of it will be found on another page in this number. We cannot give the program of the women's convention in full, but are glad to call attention to the main public meeting to be held on Monday evening, September 27, at eight o'clock, in the Y. M. C. A. hall, 153

La Salle street. There will be labor songs by a chorus of the Chicago Women's Trade Union League, and speaking by Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, Miss Mary McArthur, secretary of the British Women's Trade Union League, Mr. John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and Mr. John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers of America. On Tuesday evening, the 28th, the delegates will be entertained by Miss Mary McDowell at the University of Chicago settlement, corner Gross and Ashland avenues. On Wednesday afternoon, the 29th, at two o'clock, the delegates will be taken for an automobile drive through the parks of Chicago. On Thursday evening, September 30, the delegates will be the guests of Mrs. Page and Miss Cronise at the Chicago Kindergarten Institute, 40 Scott street. All this and more we learn from the pages of the Women's Trade Union League department in the *Labor Advocate* for September. This department is ably edited by Miss Alice Henry, who is beginning to be as well known among the friends of labor reform and other progressive things in America as she is in Australia, into the life of which country she has written herself deeply. Miss Henry has been spending a part of her summer vacation at Tower Hill, Wisconsin, renewing her strength for the large and high work in which she is engaged.

The greatest of railway kings is dead. Over sixty thousand miles of railroad are scheduled by the Chicago *Tribune* as having been controlled more or less directly by E. H. Harriman, who so suddenly emigrated out of the commercial and industrial entanglements which his own vaulting ambition and fierce energy had created. His death for a time was shrouded in secrecy lest the monetary system of the nation might be shocked into spasms. This great merger passed out of life, as it were, behind closed doors, the hour of his death, according to the newspapers that first announced it, having been withheld from the public as so many other of his movements had been until "after the closing of business hours at the exchange." Mr. Harriman was the son of an Episcopal rector, and in early life seemed to have tastes and aptitudes for other and more varied things than a mere business career. At forty he closed a brokerage office in New York with the announcement that he intended to devote himself to "more intellectual pursuits." He said, "I have wasted fifteen years of my life. From the age of fourteen I have done nothing but work. I am tired of brokers and the brokerage business." Then he came to Chicago, and his imagination took fire; his ambitions blazed until he played with railroads as a chessman plays with pawns. He furrowed the continent with lines as the farmer "marks" his field for corn rows. At sixty-one the weak flesh wearied and sickened like that of any common mortal, and the little body refused further to serve. All his millions could not buy twenty-four hours more of life. It is useless to attempt to express his triumphs in dollars and cents; "anywhere from two hundred to five hundred millions," says the newspaper, but such figures can mean but little more than the uncertain potency of human nerve, the audacity of human will, and the complexity of human organization. It would be impossible, were it not ungracious, to undertake at this time to estimate even the material contribution of Mr. Harriman to civilization; much less is it possible to estimate him as a spiritual and ethical factor in the life of the nation and the world. Readers of the startling romance of William Allen White, "A Certain Rich Man," cannot but recognize a striking similarity of character between the incredible career of John Bradley of Kansas and the still more incredible career of E. H. Harriman of Long Island, N. Y. The man in the novel was the son of a poor Kansas widow, and E. H. Harriman was the son of a very poor New Jersey rector. The life in the story was worked out into ethical clearness, and the poet, the lover, rose into clearness before the earthly books were closed. That there were in Harriman also the poetic, the human, and perhaps the humane instincts, a passion for reality, and a soul allied to things eternal we have no doubt, but life was too short and the finite limits too confined to allow it all to be worked into the clear, in the earthly career of the railroad merger. To the philosopher who finds the working of good in things evil, who believes that "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him," it is not difficult to find permanent values in the life of the great merger, but still the old simplicities of ethics, the fundamentals with which the centuries deal compel the questions: "Is it worth while?" "What does it all amount to?" "Is there not a more excellent way?" "Even at its maximum did not this life display a cheap power, life energies that bring low values in the market places of God, the quotations of which are read only in the bulletins of the centuries?"

The Transformation of the County Fair

Like everything else the county fair is subject to change, and, like all living things, it must grow or die. Sociologically the county fair is not only an interesting, but an important event in the life of rural communities. Let the city swells scoff at it as they please, and city belles turn up their noses at its rustic attendance, the county fair is an interesting occasion, and has a charm for the philosopher as well as the hired man, and not infrequently, indeed, these two individuals stand in the one pair of shoes.

The county fair occupies a large part in the education as well as the interest of the country boy and girl, and no less does it offer an outlet for the pent-up life of the mother and father of that girl and

boy. By any fair test of intellectual culture, mental experience, or social communion, the county fair offers higher attractions, more diversified and inspiring than the inanities of city "parties" and "functions" that too often absorb the enthusiasm and waste the time of the city boy and girl who affect disdain for the attractions of the county fair. Admitting that their education is inadequate to appreciate the scientific and esthetic as well as the commercial interests that gather around the chickens, squashes, pigs, cows and horses, they may well study the people that amuse them, as being after all the most interesting as well as profitable objects on exhibition.

Just now, particularly in the northwestern states, the county fair is passing through an interesting, and on that account, critical transition. The old fair with all its attractions was a rendezvous for the rowdies. It was a noisy rallying-ground for the fakirs. It was the one occasion during the year on which even plain and industrious men might be found in their cups. It was the harvest time of the saloons. Fast horses brought together fast men, and the premium list was a screen behind which the gamblers and the betters practiced their wiles.

But now the "dry territory movement" has put the saloon out of business in many a fair-town. The breeder of good horses is now a gentleman. The university sends its ablest professors to judge the stock and grain and to lecture upon the same.

The practical question which confronts the management of the county fair today is, "Can we meet the expenses and at the same time shut out the fakirs? Can we draw the crowd without the vulgar accompaniments?" This question is easily asked, but not easily answered. The direction from which the answer is to come is clear. As the lower elements of the community grow distrustful, the better elements must be ready to take prompt advantage. As the saloon and its interests are retired, the university and its interests must take possession. The county fair must become an adjunct of the university. This is already realized to a certain extent. In Wisconsin, for instance, and perhaps in other states, the state furnishes a percentage of premiums under certain high restrictions, among which are the abolishing of gambling and disreputable fake attachments. The university furnishes, we believe, without cost, one or more judges to pass on live stock and grain exhibits. This interest should be increased by making the local regent of the university or his equivalent an *ex-officio* member of the fair administration. The boast of Wisconsin that it carries its university to its people has here a great opportunity. Here should be exploited its extension work. It might well offer at the cost of the state to each county or local fair coming within the limits of its high standards, not simply an expert interpreter of the economic and scientific side of farm life, but the highest oratorical talent within its reach to interpret life, politics, art, history, or poetry to the large and receptive audiences.

The program of this transformed fair calls for brave initiative. Many things should be introduced that are now considered foreign to the fair. The premium list should be revised to give new incentive to the young and to the more leisurely elements of the community. There should be a great speaking day, which might well be placed on Tuesday, the installation day, so as to start the community interests early in the week. There might be competitive singing, recitation, or even poetic contests and other Eisteddfodic features which have done so much to develop the literary, musical and oratorical interest of rural Wales, and even of Welsh communities abroad.

There should always be a great public school day. A banner might be offered for the school district that would make the finest and largest appearance in the school children's procession. Floats, marches, folk-dances, gymnastic exhibitions, all calculated to fire the children with local patriotism and fill their parents with pride and joy, should be installed. There should be premiums for the best kept school yard within the limits of the county and a premium to be paid in books for the best school library, judged not only by its size, but also by its use and the quality of the books. The county superintendents and principals of high schools should somehow be ex-officio members of the education department.

The premium list should contain not so many small premiums for trifling exhibits, but a few considerable premiums for real undertakings, such as the best bushel of corn raised by a boy under fourteen accompanied with a written history of its planting, tilling, and cultivation; or for the best exhibit of cut flowers raised and arranged by a girl under sixteen. There should be an exhibit of horseback riding by girls and boys on their own horses or horses trained by them; not the speed of the horse, but the training of the horse and the skill of the rider counting. Pet cows as well as pet dogs; trained calves as well as harnessed colts; these and a hundred other features might be used to socialize the rural district; to glorify the farm; to humanize toil; to educate homes as well as individuals in civic pride, social ethics, and a patriotism that is not only national but international.

Let the transformation of the county fair continue until the rowdyism and intemperance are wholly eliminated, and until it becomes a beautiful and noble element in the public school system, undertaking not only to direct the book training of boys and girls from six to twenty, but the intellectual, esthetic, and social life of the entire community.

The county fair offers high missionary ground for the making of citizens.

THE PULPIT

Evolution and Religion: Religion's Debt to Charles Darwin, 1809-1909

Address Given at the National Federation of Religious Liberals, Philadelphia, April 29, by Rev. Charles E. St. John.

Under the name of Charles Darwin we give honor to the strongest influence that has touched the religious world in modern times. Evolutionary thought existed centuries before Darwin lived; and the theory of evolution, as formulated by Darwin, has received not a little modification at the hands of scientific men since he died. Nevertheless, Darwin's work was so thorough and conclusive that we commonly associate with his name the influence which the theory of evolution has exerted upon scientific and religious thought in our age.

In so far as this merit may justly be attributed to Charles Darwin, we must recognize in him the originator of the most revolutionary thought that the Christian world has known. Evolution has taken its stand as the indisputable interpreter of creation and development, and of the relations that exist between God and man. Science, philosophy, and religion fall into order at its touch, while each reinforces its arguments by specific study. Geology, astronomy, biology, history, and—last of all—the higher criticism of the Bible, work hand in hand in establishing the truth that creation has been a long-continued and natural process.

When Darwin forced upon humanity the consideration of the theory of evolution, he was for a long time stoutly opposed by a large part of the Christian world. Naturally this theory was resisted by those who held that the Bible contains the first and final utterance of God; that the Old Testament is full of predictions of the coming of Jesus Christ; and that the stories of creation, the fall of man, and the existence of a personal devil are to be accepted as divine revelations. These views and all creeds founded upon them are shattered beyond repair by Darwin's work; for evolution takes up the Bible and Jesus, who is the heart of the Bible, into a grander, all-inclusive revelation.

Let us examine, for a moment, the changed aspect of the universe that evolution has set forth. Behold the expanse of the universe! A ray of light, which travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in a second, requires fifty years to travel from the North Star to our earth; it requires four million years to reach our earth from the farthest known star. In the universe, as now known to astronomers, there are not less than twenty million suns, each the center of a planetary system at least as important as our own. Statistics now reveal to us at least one hundred and sixty million stars, and at least one thousand nebulæ, each one like unto the magnificent Milky Way, which spans our earthly skies. The four million years during which the light now impinging upon earth has been flying straight onward irresistibly implies an unimaginable period of millions of years preceding.

Behold, again, the conception of time as revealed in our earth to the modern mind; The science of evolution has fully established the fact that man has existed upon the earth not less than fifty thousand years. For that period he has existed in a physical form practically as good as that he possesses today. We can merely imagine the vast period preceding, during which his physical ancestors were making good their stand upon earth. Evolution has established the fact that at least three hundred and fifty million years have been required for the development of the earth into conditions which would support life.

Consider, finally, the new conception of law that evolution bestows! The modern mind is convinced that there is a natural cause back of every fact or condition, and that the processes of Nature have always been uniform in character and free from any unnatural change that could be termed a miracle. Evolution not merely leaves no place for miracles, but magnificently sets forth uniformity and the orderly process of cause and effect as the grandest conceivable method of creation and development.

What, now, is the application of this conception of evolution to religion? Is there any place left for God? Let me say frankly that, if there were no place left for God, I, for one, should be convinced that evolution is all a mistake. So long as any person feels that the acceptance of this brilliant modern doctrine threatens his faith in God and his love, let that person persistently reject the new idea. It is more important to believe in God, it is living nearer to the truth to believe in God, than to follow any line of thought, howsoever enticing, which makes it impossible for one to believe in God. I am happy in making this statement, because personally I have found the doctrine of evolution to be the greatest help that I have ever received in the strengthening of my faith in God. Evolution comes as a distinct reinforcement of religion, not as a thought destined to supplant faith. I cannot undertake to speak for all evolutionists or for all believers in God. Let me content myself with setting forth before you my own way of combining the knowledge of God and the use of evolutionary thought.

Let us start, then, with God, a spiritual being existing apart from all form and consisting of perfect love, wisdom, and righteousness. God, the Eternal Spirit, who has forever existed, and to whom time is nothing, cannot conceivably have an opponent. There can be no power that is able to defy him or interfere with his thought and work. There is no standing ground for Satan. Conceive of such a God as this existing alone. His very nature demands companionship, appreciation. He must needs express himself: unexpressed intelligence is futile. God must act: he must create. To such a being creation is self-expression, and that self-expression must go on until it produces minds that are competent to receive and understand the expressions of the Almighty. Thus in the very being of God the need existed for a "world of men,"—some creatures, at any rate, to whom God could speak and who should be his loving companions forever.

Furthermore, there has always existed, in my imagination, the eternal possibility of God's expressing himself, and the teachings of modern science provide this eternal possibility. If I understand the scientific thought of the time, it is reasonable to believe that, underlying all forms of matter, there is a mysterious substance called ether, which is eternal in its existence and limitless in its extent; which, further, is in itself motionless and without friction. This conception of the physical universe holds that every smallest particle of matter consists of variously arranged vortex rings of ether. I am compelled to believe, therefore, that the beginning of the universe was at the instant when there first appeared in the limitless and motionless

expanse of ether motion, which consisted of whirling vortex rings, infinitesimally minute.

What should start that first motion? Nothing less than the thought of God. Ether was God's opportunity; and creation, from the beginning until now, has been the process whereby God has used his opportunity for self-expression and the putting forth of power. God, the Eternal Mind, thought motion; and the thought produced motion.

So divine self-expression went on through unimaginable periods of time, building up atoms from vortex rings, and physical elements out of atoms; producing gases and heat and light, and, finally, enormous masses of flaming gas.

I cannot take time to describe the processes so wonderfully set forth in astronomical and geological works, whereby, through cooling and centrifugal force, mass after mass was thrown off from central whirling bodies, each to produce, in the process of development, systems, suns, stars, and worlds. I cannot follow the cooling of each globe, until it became a solid body giving forth light and heat. I can but remind you that out of this wonderful process our little earth at last came into existence, and in the course of three hundred and fifty million years of its modern development, found itself prepared for the support of life.

And how came life to start upon the earth? No man knows. As a man of religion, I believe that it came, as the whole creative process before had come, out of the orderly and inevitable course of the thinking of God. At some critical moment God was able to think life, as an inevitable result of the conditions of creation that had led up to that instant. From that time on, this life has proceeded with an orderly development like that which has ruled in the material universe. Forms of life have followed one another, each one a perfect expression of a new thought of God.

Through form after form God has sent forth his thought, until at last he has brought forth man. Human life, in all its aspects, is part of the natural order of things. In his physical form man is a product of some lower creature. Let me say, incidentally, that it is not thought by evolutionists that mankind has descended from the apes and monkeys. On the contrary, the physical ancestors of mankind are wholly unknown. Evolution simply teaches that both man and the apes have sprung from some common ancestor, the exact nature of which is unknown. All that we can at present say of our origin is that at some remote time, more than fifty thousand years ago, there appeared, in the process of physical development, a creature, or a little group of creatures, possessed of exceptional qualities,—qualities that enabled them to stand erect and to begin to articulate speech. Man was in sight when these ancestors of his felt within them a power of orderly thought, which could make them masters over all other creatures. Man was born when this power of thought became great enough to express itself. In short, man was created when he became a living soul.

With man evolution became a moral and spiritual process. It became a process which is intelligible to itself, as well as to God. God now has reached the culmination of his creation, having produced beings who can read his thoughts and appreciate them. God, who has hitherto simply expressed himself, henceforth expresses himself to intelligences that respond and, in their turn, express themselves to God. Man becomes the discoverer of truth. Man takes control of his own life, builds up a social order, establishes civilizations, and develops systems of thought and religion.

Everything that concerns human life comes to pass and finds its development under the same magnificent uniform process which we call evolution. Take our Bible, for instance. It can no longer be looked upon as a law from above, written miraculously by the finger of God, as upon tables of stone, and set forth, to an ignorant age, as a divine law whereby man shall live. On the contrary, we can now see that the Bible is one of many human attempts at self-expression. Mankind has produced the Bible as God produced the universe, by a natural process of setting forth experience and thought. There came a time in the development of mankind when one group of men in eastern lands grew nearer to God in their thoughts than men had done before, found by experience certain laws of conduct, certain helpful methods of religious expression, certain visions of the relation that should exist between man and God. In that group of devout men, one after another appeared competent to put into words the experience and aspirations of the Hebrew nation; and so they wrote our Bible, out of the natural experience of mankind and the intelligent thought of the times.

This removes from the Bible all supernatural power and causes it to stand among men upon its own merits. Studying the Bible thus, we discover it to possess the defects of the age which produced it, as well as the merits. Studied thus, the Bible still holds its ground as the most helpful compilation of religious literature which human experience has thus far set forth.

I hardly need to add that, to the evolutionist, Jesus came by the same process that has produced the Bible. He, too, is of purely human origin and nature, and an expression of human experience. There came a time, in the steady advance of things human, when the grandest voice of the ages could speak, setting forth the fundamental ideas of religion. Jesus was that voice, and he must remain for all time the foundation of the moral and religious life; for in him, at last, mankind expressed perfectly the relation between man and God. He understood God, and his life inspires us to understand God. He is the world's greatest leader.

What, then, to the evolutionist, become of evil and sin? If there be no devil, and if the entire creation has been the inevitable result of orderly processes of an Infinite Mind, then all conditions that exist must be a part of that process, however terrible and desolating they may be. Yes, that is precisely the evolutionary point of view. What we, in our impatience, our desire for the perfect life, call evils and calamities are inevitable in a growing world. The universe is merely in a stage of development. It is as good as it could be made up to this moment. It must pass through every stage, in order to win to the end. If we are to have a world capable of producing life, it has to be made just as this world has been made, by processes of law, which involve temporary harshness in the working out of ultimate good. The earth must shrink and throw off its heat, to maintain the conditions that support life. This process cannot take place without those readjustments of the surface of the earth which we call earthquakes, even though earthquakes involve occasional calamity for man and his works. Man is better served by this earth than he could be by any other.

Look, for a moment, also, at the moral development of mankind. Development is better than sta-

tionary goodness. Character, to be of any value, has to be won. The child that has never been tempted is a child of wholly unknown capacity: we cannot call it good. We become good only when we have, one by one, chosen good things as against evil. Character is always a matter of personal decision. It rests upon choice,—the right choice. This means that there must always be the possibility of doing wrong. Without that there could be no meaning in goodness; certainly, no progress in righteousness. Sin is still in our midst because we so often make wrong decisions, not because God put it here for the discipline of our souls. He gives us the power of choice. Our growth in character springs from our choice. Sin stays here so long as we continue to choose unwisely or unselfishly amid the possibilities of life.

Finally, let me, as a religious man, claim that I find in evolution the best argument for immortality that has ever come to me. Who is not oppressed by the imperfections of the present time? Resting upon all human life are limitations, troubles, and sorrows, almost too great to be endured. We do not fully understand the slowness of God's creative work. We are oppressed by the heaviness of the burdens that come to many of his children; and we are all of us, sooner or later, brought to the mood, almost of despair, which led Tennyson to say:

"O, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

No language but a cry! Ah, but the power that there is in a human cry! The power that there is in a baby's cry, when it reaches the mother's tender heart! The power there is in mankind's cry for justice!

Hear my cry, O God. I am a prehistoric barbarian. I have been born under limited and cruel conditions. I have never grasped the thought of a loving and only God. I live amid bloodshed and cruel selfishness. Ages are yet to pass upon earth before Jesus and holy men like him reveal to men the real nature of the heavenly Father. Am I to die and pass out of existence, ignorant of all that future years of earth shall reveal?

Hear my cry, O God. I am a negro. I am doomed on earth to a restricted sphere. Many scorn me because of my color and my ignorance. I am shut out from the larger and finer possibilities of human life. I am not considered worthy to stand with other men. But, O God, shall I never have equality? Can life bring to me nothing but servitude?

Hear my cry, O God. I am a little girl, an unhappy child, only ten years of age, living in a crowded tenement in the ugliest part of a great city. I cannot see the sky from my window. I have never even seen a blade of grass growing. Foul odors and vicious associations have been around me from my birth. My father is a drunkard, and did my mother to death by his cruelty. I am worn to a skeleton, taking care of my little brothers and sisters, and enduring myself my father's brutality. I cringe whenever I hear my father's step, and I know that he will cause my death some time. O God, is that all there is to life for me?

Hear my cry, O God! I am a cripple. My physical strength was taken from me by an accident in a great mill, where I was a laborer. I had to work there, to gain my living. I did not cause the accident, but all the remainder of my physical life I must suffer from it. I can no longer earn my living. In time I shall die, having had nothing but torture and suffering while I lived upon earth. O God, is that all there is to life for me?

Hear my cry, O God! I am a sinner. From my boyhood I have been wilful and selfish. Those that would have helped me I have scorned; but, on the whole, the conditions of my life have not been helpful. They have tended, or have seemed to tend, to make me headstrong and vicious. Justly or unjustly, up to this time I have done wrong and have been a foe to human society. I shall die, it is likely, a violent death some day. Is that all there is to life for me?

I, barbarian, negro, unhappy child, cripple, sinner, human being limited by conditions that I did not wholly cause, claim justice from existence. I claim justice from God. I protest against any closed doors; I protest against the cessation of opportunity. I, who have had so little thus far, protest against the bare idea of a hell that could close upon me the doors of opportunity. I, the human race, lift up an eager and indignant voice against any final judgment that shall check the development of the moral possibilities that lie within me, within every soul born into this world. Every soul is conscious of power, of capacity. —has some vision, however dim, of better things; and all souls, singly and together, call out to God for life, for opportunity, for freedom, for growth.

And what is God's answer to this universal prayer? Simply this: "My child, look about you. See what I have done. Consider the evolution that has gone on through ages too great to be understood by you, until, through these tremendous processes, you have been brought into being,—you the being after my own nature; the being who at last can hear my voice, understand my thinking and be my companion. Think how I have wrought to bring you forth, through the unimaginable ages! And shall I, the Lord God Almighty, fail at last, on the very threshold of the heaven that I have been so long creating?" Such is God's illuminating answer to the cry of the human soul. Let it be further enunciated, as is done by John Burroughs in his essay entitled, "The Long Road," in the words, "When suddenly, in the day before yesterday in the geological year, a new and strange animal appears, with new and strange powers; separated from the others by what appears an impassable gulf; less specialized in his bodily powers than the others, but vastly more specialized in his brain and mental powers; instituting a new order of things upon the earth, the face of which he in time changes, through his new gift of reason; inventing tools and weapons and language; harnessing the physical forces to his own ends; and putting all things under his feet,—man, the wonder-worker, the beholder of the stars, the critic and spectator of creation itself, the thinker of the thoughts of God, the worshiper, the devotee, the hero, spreading rapidly over the earth, and developing with prodigious stride, when once fairly launched upon his career."

Ah, yes! Man is no new species, to be cut off in the development of a growing universe. Here, at last, are souls, something more enduring than bodies, with all their beauty, their forcefulness. If we but prepare the way for a lovelier race to have its day and die, the cost in pain and tears is too great. Pave the way of progress, if you like, with dead corals and overthrown trees, lost paleozoic monsters, and other creatures to be found now only in the fossils of the rocks; pave the way of progress with shifting seas, changing continents, and falling stars,—and the results justify the sacrifice and the change. Pave the way of progress, still, with my personal strength, my happiness, my earthly death, if necessary. Let human conditions be improved by my suffering throughout my life; but do not, I charge you, pave the way of progress with my dead soul. That would be too great a sacrifice, for it would mean the cutting off of limitless possibilities that lie within me.

No; the individual soul is the object unto which all these ages of God's work have tended. A soul cut off absolutely is an irreparable loss to God and his creation. Dying, whether in crime or in heroism, in defeat or in victory, in disease, in calamity, or in old age, I must yet go on, I will go on. My cry is not for earth and its green fields and ease, not for a place of golden streets and lovely mansions,—nothing of the kind. My cry is, and shall always be, for justice, for light, for knowledge, for opportunity, for righteousness; and evolution convinces me that this cry goes not unheeded,—is, indeed, but an expression of the wonderful power that God has produced in us by the process of evolution. And so evolution proclaims the immortality of the soul with a power that has never before been put into the proclamation.

The modern thought of evolution has, in short, increased our knowledge of God and his work, deepened our conception of the possibilities of our own lives, enlarged our patience and our hope. It has given us the open mind and filled that mind with vision. It has broadened our faith, making that faith reasonable. It has given us the spirit of tolerance, whereby we comprehend the truth that is expressed in all religions, all being the product of human experience and inevitable conditions. Evolution has become the modern foundation of religion, whether that religion be Christian, Jewish, or any other. God's endless work has begun; it is going on; it will go on forever. And, since man has entered into it, man has been coöperating with God,—will coöperate with God forever.

—From the Christian Register.

But wait, little fly, till you can understand for what the house was made; wait, little bird, till you can see your berry ripen in the advancing summer; wait, critic, till you behold the other side of the tapestry, and wait, atheist, till you can comprehend the plans of an infinite God. This much we can see,—that evil is continually used as a dark material, out of which good is manufactured, that the mysteries of life prove the greatness of the soul by showing that it can reach out to laws and facts which it cannot comprehend. For if God has put into our very reason difficulties which are insoluble here, is not this a promise that they shall be solved hereafter?—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Heresy is truth in the making, and doubt is the prelude of knowledge.—*Henry Drummond.*

Edward Everett Hale in England

I have seen various references to the late Edward Everett Hale in UNITY and perhaps some few recollections of him by an Englishman, although belated, may not be unacceptable. It must, I suppose, be somewhere about thirty years ago that I was first introduced to Mr. Hale by an old friend, Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who was working as an artist in England. It was in the summer and I then shared a small cottage with an Oxford friend, on the banks of the Thames at Maidenhead. I ventured to ask Mr. Hale whether he would care to have a day on the river with us, and he seemed very willing to come. I shall never forget his arrival. I and my friend were in white flannels on the river bank when a tall figure approached us with black hat, black frock coat, black tie, a lank, lean figure of most somber appearance. I wondered how we should amuse him and what we should do with him throughout a summer day; and I and my friends agreed to take him for a long row up stream, having our lunch with us. Off we started, and Mr. Hale, taking the steering lines and getting his long legs clear of the stroke oars, managed somehow. We had not paddled far when off came the tall hat, which was wedged in between his knees somehow, much to its detriment, and after asking some questions as to the places on the river bank, he launched out into stories. How I wish that I had taken notes of them. They just rippled on with the driest, quaintest but kindliest humor, convulsing us with laughter. We did not row far that day, only taking spells of rowing when the stories for the moment ceased, and that we did not have a collision with another boat was, I think, chiefly due to there then being little traffic on the river in the middle of the week. One thing that particularly struck me in Mr. Hale was his interest in everything, his broadness of view, and the allowance he made for others. I remember his saying that while he disliked our habit of not throwing open our churches on week days, he quite appreciated that in the English climate, this doubtless had disadvantages. His stories of some of the English Bishops were inimitable, particularly of one he referred to as "Soaking Sam," but they were all in the kindliest vein. Some days afterwards I was privileged to meet Mr. Hale again at dinner on the invitation of Mrs. Merritt, the other guests being Mr. James Russell Lowell and Mr. and Mrs. Holman Hunt. Mr. Lowell was in one of his brightest moods that evening and I shall never forget the scintillation of humor at that dinner party, and the rather hot discussions at some times, in which, to my mind, Mr. Hale certainly did not have the worst. The memory of the pleasant glimpse which I had of this great, simple man is very dear to me.

KEDDY R. FLETCHER.

Buckland, Surrey, August 10, 1909.

Time brings only one regret, that we had not more joy in the things that were, more belief, more patience, more love, more knowledge of the way things work out, more willingness to help toward the final result.

—Jennie June.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords nor pride nor care;
The mean that 'grees with country music best;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare:
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss.
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

—Robert Greene.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Old West Point

One of the really significant books of the past year is "The Spirit of Old West Point," by Gen. Morris Schaff.

We call the author "General," though his precise rank in the army is unknown to us; but we feel like giving to the author of so delightful a word the highest title that pertains to his calling. His calling has been that of arms, but this volume shows that he is also a poet, and that the fine art of friendship has been steadily cultivated by him.

General Schaff is evidently not in the class that glorifies war and believes that in militarism lie the country's true greatness and real salvation. He protests emphatically against what he calls "the progressive subordination" of the Academic Board to the military staff at West Point. In his day (1858-1862) "the atmosphere of cultivation and scholarship prevailed over, uplifted, and refined that of barracks and camps." He cannot bear the thought that West Point is to drop from the level of a university to that of a post school at a garrison, or "fall back," as he says, "to the condition in which Major Sylvanus Thayer, the father of West Point, before whose monument, now facing the plain, no graduate should pass without lifting his hat, found it when he took command in 1817; that is, detached from the elevating influences of civil life, in other words encrusted with the impervious lacquer of garrison life." He foresees that if militarism is to take precedence of culture and scholarship, the ideals of old West Point will have vanished, for "ideals feed on culture, they lie down in the green pastures of knowledge, their shrines are not in dreams, but in the aspirations of the heart." It is an old soldier who writes thus!

The question of State sovereignty receives lengthy consideration. Have you ever stood before a monument to the confederate dead, surmounted by a statue of Jefferson Davis? To one born after the close of the Civil War, yet inheriting not only anti-slavery but abolition views and sympathies, there come most interesting and complex sensations on such an occasion. This figure, with furrowed visage, precisely what does he represent? Was it a protest against tyranny, a struggle for noble independence? Was there a broad spirit of humanity and a devotion to high ideals impelling those great men? The inscription says:

Died in defense of State Rights
Guaranteed under the Constitution.

Schaff says it was their fatal mistake at last to invoke its mighty and solemn power in behalf of an institution that stood condemned in the eyes of civilization the world over. He thinks the question was left unsettled by the fathers "for the ultimate preservation of man's natural rights, a citadel for our common safety. For I am no more sure of my existence than I am that when the moral cowardice of wealth takes the place of courage and manly innocence, when the cries of the weak and the poor are not heard, when the love of peace is usurped by a spirit of conquest, and dissoluteness banishes wisdom and righteousness, the last rallying-point of Democracy—the simple, honest, and upright Democracy of our forefathers—against those tyrannies which a centralized government will exercise, will be the theory of the sovereignty of the States."

There is certainly food for thought in all this.

There are exquisite passages throughout the book, breathing the tenderest sentiment and throwing clear and attractive side-lights on many noted characters. It is a good book to read and to own. Gen. Schaff's tribute to "Pat" O'Rorke is worth the price of the volume, and his eulogy of the first sergeants and his characterizations of Davis, Lee, Grant, and others, are admirably done. We wish that more army officers could write as Gen. Schaff does.

Irvington, Ind. GRACE JULIAN CLARKE.

The Truth About Jesus*

Mr. Mangasarian is inclined to think that Jesus is not an historical character but a myth. His little book goes beyond this thesis, however, for it is an ardent contention that Christianity has not been a benefit to mankind. He seems to be thoroughly convinced of the bad faith of defenders of Christianity, and he ascribes many foolish and knavish things that have been done in Christian history to the charge of Christian religion itself. It is to be feared, therefore, that Mr. Mangasarian is as undiscriminating as the sinful men whom he is condemning. They thought, or deluded themselves into thinking, that their cruelties and falsities and lust for power were justified by the religion of love and sincerity and self-abnegation. Mr. Mangasarian agrees with them without any closer examination.

The argument that Jesus is probably a myth proceeds with light-hearted ease and a complete absence of those discriminations which distinguish historical criticism from dogmatic treatment. It would be difficult for an historian to enter into argument with him, since there is no common ground of argument, Mr. Mangasarian not sharing the methods and texts of the historical student.

It is remarkable that the book deals with the original gospels as if they were written to express the conceptions of Trinitarian orthodoxy, the whole labor of the historians of dogma having been done in vain for the author. When we inquire just what in his view was the mythological basis of the story of Jesus, we find it on the easiest and most off-hand page of the book. Jesus was a Syrian sun god and Mary means the sea. "Joshua (or Jesus), son of Mary, was already a part of the religious outfit of the Asiatic world when Paul began his missionary tours." It is very doubtful if the students of Semitic religious history will give much support to this remark, and it would seem to make unnecessary the elaborate effort of the Assyriologist Jensen to explain the gospels from a wholly different myth. But let the plain reader who is not an Assyriologist read the Gospel according to Mark. If he finds the Syrian sun god or any other deity a sufficient explanation for that narrative he may credit himself with an unusual mind. FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

Meadville Theological School.

Immortality will come to such as are fit for it.
—*Emerson.*

*The Truth About Jesus. Is He a Myth? M. M. Mangasarian. Chicago Independent Religious Society, Orchestra Hall.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The test of high character is the amount of freedom it will absorb without going to pieces.
MON.—Facts are pernicious when they subjugate, and do not quicken the mind that grasps them.
TUES.—Only instinctive action is swift, sure and firm. For this reason we distrust the man who calculates his goodness.
WED.—To become each day the possessor of increasing stores of novel and interesting truths, normally brings dignity and pleasure.
THURS.—It is dangerous to dissociate toil and delight.
FRI.—The best writer is the best mental listener, the one who peers farthest into his matter and most fully heeds its behests.
SAT.—It is only when an interest impels that we can say that education has begun.

—*From The Teacher, by George H. Palmer.*

Labrador Generosity

Among the qualities developed on the stern Labrador coast, writes Doctor Grenfell in the Boston *Transcript,* one is very conspicuous. That is the way in which every one seems interested in you and your affairs, and seems anxious to further your projects often going to great trouble for the behoof of a complete stranger. A striking instance of their generosity is recorded as coming under the Doctor's notice.

I was stranded last week, in the evening, about fifteen miles from home. Owing to the crowd in the hospital and my colleagues being away south, it was imperative that I should get home that night.

No dogs were obtainable, so I sought the help of a poor fisherman, the only man available. His right arm and leg had been "scrammed" with a "touch of the paralyze" when he was a boy. With an imbecile sister, a mother and a brother dependent on him, and only his crippled limbs, he has lived in an uninterrupted state of poverty.

His tiny shack, crowded already, had an aged and still poorer stranger occupying the best part of the floor space, whom he begged me to examine while he "unspanned."

This I did, but when clear of the house I reasoned with him against increasing his liabilities and burdens. He replied:

"He is scrammed a bit just now."

His dogs were, alas! little better fed than he was himself. One has to put it that way, because they shared equally with him, living in the house. But his standard of diet was not ours. He was so delighted at carrying me, even at that hour of night, I ventured to offer a trifling remuneration. He answered it was "not his fashion," and for a while after spoke only to his dogs.

When we reached the hospital, I begged him to let me feed his dogs and to give them a bed for the night.

"I's got to take this parcel to Snag Cove," he replied, "so I won't stay. I give you thanks."

"Why, that's eight miles. What is the parcel, anyhow?"

"It's a bit o' mutton for Skipper Alfred, what's sick there. Good-bye, Doctor, I's'll be home again by breakfast."

I slammed the door, and turned in, feeling ever so small.

Famous, After All

One of the interesting things about foreign travel is the abundance of historic or literary association. Every village, almost, has its great event in the past to be proud of. And so, says a writer in the Chicago *Ledger,* the American who found himself in an obscure English village, his guide-book left behind, felt very confident that there must be something for which it was renowned.

About the first person he met when he fared forth was a seedy native, who looked promising as a source of information.

"What are the points of interest about this village?" he asked.

"I be n't aware of any, zur," the old man replied.

"Surely this must be one of the places where Julius Cæsar hid some relics."

"I ain't heard on it, zur."

"Isn't this the storied spot where King Arthur demanded maple-sirup on his waffles?"

"It mout 'a' been before my time, zur."

"At least, here's where William the Conqueror stopped to have his pants pressed before the Battle of Hastings?"

"No, zur."

"Funny locality, this, for England! Are you certain this isn't the precinct the Plantagenets carried by seventeen majority in the election of 1154, when there weren't but three registered votes?"

"I don't remember of it, zur."

"Perhaps this is the historic ground where King John subscribed to a new platform and tried to straddle the election-of-senators-by-popular-vote plank?"

"No, zur, I think not."

"Not even the scene of a floral battle during the War of the Roses?"

"No, zur."

"And didn't Henry the Eighth ever find one of his wives here?"

"He didn't as I know on, zur."

"Well, I bet this is where Queen Elizabeth used to come to take her milk baths. You have milk here, haven't you?"

"I dunno as she ever took baths, zur."

"Aren't there any ruins of battle-grounds or ghosts or legends or quaint customs or souvenir post-cards, or anything?"

"Never a one, zur."

"What kind of place is this, anyway?"

"I believe, zur, it do be where some 'un wrote a elegy on the country churchyard, zur."—*Youth's Companion.*

SWEPT AWAY

A castle stood by a lonely shore,
Complete from turret to wide, high door;
Its battlements were stern and grim,
The walls were thick, but the walks were trim;
Above the tower a flag was afloat,
The portcullis swung o'er the slimy moat;

But never a foot passed through the halls,
And never a knight rode as twilight falls;
For the great sea came with all its might
And swept the castle forever from sight;
And all that was left to tell us the tale
Was a boy going home with shovel and pail.

—*Mira Jenks Stafford.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF THE CHURCH.

The divine right of the church has gone the way of the discredited divine right of kings. The stream of blood that started on Calvary, and at times in later ages swelled into a crimson torrent, has been stayed; but the spirit-world of the church is still afflicted with fire and torment and religious vengeance. The fear of the future has not yet been lifted from the race. But all this is merely incidental in the count against Christianity. The teaching of the most advanced philosophers is that the church's proclaiming that suffering is sent into the world to satisfy divine purposes and to chasten and purify the souls of men is monstrous. The psychologists, particularly those who have subscribed to the principles of psychotherapy, declare that a large portion of the ills of mankind are the result of false and fearful thinking. Dogmas and disease are companion adversaries of man's high estate.

But the college men are not blind to what the church has accomplished. In this phase of the subject they are peculiarly catholic. But it is taught now in practically all the departments of philosophy in the great universities that a new revelation is quickening this age, and that it is not only the right but the duty of the colleges to stand, if they can, as interpreters of the acceptable year of the Lord. Prof. R. M. Wenley, of the University of Michigan, teaches that we have every reason to anticipate great changes in Christianity. The world of thought is in progress of such profound alteration that orthodox belief can scarcely escape the transforming effects of the new idea of God. Hundreds of thousands of young men and young women in America are coming under the influence of the new university philosophy, and instead of being apologetic for the teaching that the God of the colleges is greater than the God of the church, the university philosophers look forward with composure and even elation to the ultimate surrender of what they regard as discredited beliefs.

Professor Wenley says that Christianity, to survive, must invoke new powers calculated to convince latter-day men of the value of life" as in every case consecrated by the indwelling of the Eternal." Christianity's conception of the absolute cannot remain fixed and static. Marvelous transformations are possible and, Professor Wenley believes, at hand. The unsearchable riches of the Nazarene's character and influence have not been exhausted, even by the church.

Professor Bowne teaches that the new religion will not deal with signs and wonders. "Only that is divine in this matter," he says, "that helps men spiritually Godward, and makes them more effective in working the work of God upon the earth." This, he explains, is the one sure distinction between the work of the Spirit "and the revelations of chloroform, the contagion of religious crowds, the imaginations of ignorance, and the self-hypnotizations of conceit." He teaches that the deepest source of religious error has been the false naturalism and the false supernaturalism which have led to looking for God only in manifestations outside of the order of natural law.

The old moral despotism, President Hadley, of Yale, teaches, used to say, "You must do this; you must do that," but "precepts that take this shape are not morality, they are law, and only a part of the law at that." The new morality opens to man the opportunity of choosing the unselfish side. The day for supernatural sanction, he says, has passed.—*Harold Bolce, in The Cosmopolitan.*

The friends of liberal thought in applied religion will realize that what is the loss of Marshall, Texas, is the gain of Troy, N. Y., in the transfer of Rabbi Theodore F. Joseph from the former field to the latter. Rabbi Joseph has been a good friend of UNITY and its best wishes accompany him there.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CHICAGO SUBSCRIBERS.

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NATIONAL CONFERENCE

of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches

Program of the Twenty-third Meeting, to be held at Chicago, Ill., September 27-30, 1909. The Meetings will be held in the Fine Arts Building, Michigan Boulevard

MONDAY EVENING.

P. M.
8.00 Conference sermon by Rev. U. G. B. PIERCE, Washington, D. C.

TUESDAY MORNING.

A. M.
9.30 Devotional Service.
9.40 Address by the Vice-President, Hon. GEORGE E. ADAMS, Chicago, Ill.
10.00 Election of Assistant Secretaries and Appointment of Committees.
10.15 Report of the Council, by the Chairman, Rev. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM, Boston, Mass.
10.40 Address by the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, Rev. LEWIS G. WILSON, Boston, Mass.
11.00 Address by President of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women, Miss EMMA C. LOW, New York, N. Y.
11.15 Address by the President of the National Young People's Religious Union, Rev. HENRY HALLAM SAUNDERSON, Cambridge, Mass.
11.25 Address by the President of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, Rev. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, New York, N. Y.
11.35 Address by President of the Unitarian Temperance Society, Rev. JOSEPH H. CROOKER, D. D., Roslindale, Mass.
11.55 Greetings, Dr. EMIL G. HIRSCH, of Sinai Congregation, Chicago, Ill.
12.10 Greetings from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association and from the British Unitarian National Conference, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS, Liverpool, England.
Greetings.
Introduction of New Business.

P. M.
1.00 Recess.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

P. M.
2.00 Meeting of the National Young People's Religious Union. General Subject, The New Generation of Unitarians. Addresses by the President, Rev. HENRY HALLAM SAUNDERSON, and others.
3.15 Meeting of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice.
4.00-6.00 Reception to the National Conference by the National Alliance in the Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan Boulevard.

TUESDAY EVENING.

P. M.
8.00 Unitarian Sunday-School Society. General Subject, Religion and Education. In charge of Rev. EDWARD A. HORTON, President, Boston, Mass. Addresses by the President, by Prof. WILLIAM H. CARRUTH, Lawrence Kan., Rev. MINOT O. SIMONS, Cleveland, Ohio, and others.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

A. M.
9.30 Devotional Service.
CHURCH PROGRESS BY MAGNIFYING THE USE OF
9.40 1. Worship. Rev. HENRY WILDER FOOTE, Ann Arbor, Mich.
10.00 2. Preaching. Rev. RICHARD W. BOYNTON, Buffalo, N. Y.
10.20 3. Pastoral Office.
10.40 4. Activities in a Country Town. Rev. JOSEPH N. PARDEE, Bolton, Mass.
11.00 Discussion.
Introduction of New Business.

P. M.
1.00 Recess.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

Sight-seeing Automobiles will be available to take the delegates to the points of greatest interest in the city, concluding the tour at Lincoln Centre where the company will be received by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and his staff.

Delegates especially interested in Settlement Work, to the number of sixty, in place of this trip can lunch at the Hull House Cafe and see the work there. Mr. Jones will arrange to meet them there with Miss Jane Addams, and then escort them to Lincoln Centre.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

P. M.
8.00 Devotional Service.
RELIGION AND SOCIOLOGY.
8.10 *Rev. ROBERT J. CAMPBELL, D. D., City Temple, London, England.
8.55 Rev. EDWARD CUMMINGS, Boston, Mass.
9.20 Mr. RAYMOND ROBINS, Chicago, Ill.

THURSDAY MORNING.

A. M.
9.30 Devotional Service.
HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF UNITARIANISM.
1. As to its Motives.
9.40 Rev. WILLIAM C. GANNETT, D. D., Rochester, N. Y.
10.00 Rev. CHARLES E. ST. JOHN, Philadelphia, Pa.
2. As to its Organization and Administration.
10.20 Rev. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, D. D., President of the American Unitarian Association.
* This speaker is expected.
10.40 Rev. FRANKLIN C. SOUTHWORTH, President of Meadville Theological Seminary.
11.00 Discussion.
Open Conference.

P. M.
1.00 Adjournment.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

1.30 Alliance Luncheon, Ball-room of the Chicago Beach Hotel, followed by the Meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women. All women in attendance on the Conference are invited.

1.30 Laymen's Luncheon. The laymen attending the Conference will be the guests of a Committee of Chicago laymen at a downtown club. Following the luncheon will be a Laymen's Meeting for the discussion of Parish Administration and the Laymen's Interests. The program will be in charge of a committee, the chairman of which will be Hon. GEORGE HUTCHINSON, Newton, Mass.

1.30 Ministers' Luncheon. The Ministers attending the Conference will be the guests of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones at Lincoln Centre. Following the luncheon will be a "Ministers only" meeting in charge of a committee, the chairman of which will be Rev. JOHN W. DAY, of St. Louis, Mo.

THURSDAY EVENING.

P. M.
8.00 Devotional Service.
8.10 Platform Meeting.
Rev. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.
Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, D. D., New York, N. Y., and others.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Headquarters will be established at the Chicago Beach Hotel, reached by express trains on the Illinois Central Railway in ten minutes from the Van Buren Street Station, Michigan Boulevard, nearly opposite the Fine Arts Building. The ample parlors and piazzas of the Headquarters Hotel, on the border of Lake Michigan, will enable all in attendance to enjoy the rare opportunities for social reunions for which the National Conference has been celebrated since its beginning. In the vicinity are several hotels also on the American plan, each of which will gladly receive delegates up to its full capacity. In the vicinity of the Fine Arts Building, up town, all the hotels are on the European plan, and these will meet especially well the needs of those who desire either the most sumptuous or the most economical entertainment. All are within easy reach of the Chicago Beach Hotel. The service on the Illinois Central Railway is so constant that one need rarely consult the time card. In selecting one's hotel, he should write the hotel for a booklet, study its situation and rates with reference to his own particular needs. Reservations should be secured as early as possible if one is especially desirous of being at the Chicago Beach Hotel, because the accommodations are limited. Whereas few cities would present more serious difficulties in arranging for a National Conference, on the other hand few cities could present more features contributing in so marked a degree to the inspiration and delight of those who attend this first meeting in the Central West.

Since two-cent rates have been made on the railroads, excursion rates can be secured only at conventions where at least one thousand delegates have bought tickets. Consequently, no reduced rates can be had for the Conference. Rates to Chicago from Boston are $19, $20, and $22, according to route. Sleeping-car berth, $5.50. Guests for the Chicago Beach Hotel and hotels in that vicinity, arriving on the Illinois Central, Big Four, or Michigan Central, can have trunks checked to Hyde Park, and leave at that station within a short distance of the hotels. Trains from Van Buren Station to Chicago Beach Hotel every ten minutes.

The reception to the Conference by the National Alliance is to be held, by the courtesy of the Directors, in the Art Institute of Chicago, nearly opposite the Fine Arts Building, in which the sessions of the Conference are held. This Institute shelters the largest art school in the world as well as one of the finest art collections in America.

As in the past, ushers will open the doors only at the conclusion of each address to permit entrance to the hall. One of the assistant secretaries will touch a bell of warning one minute before the expiration of the speaker's time. The final bell will ring one minute later.

Copies of this program can be had by application to Richard C. Humphreys, 272 Congress Street, Boston, Mass. They can also be found in the Social Room at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and at the various departmental headquarters in New York, Chicago, etc. The Secretary, Rev. Walter F. Greenman, 684 Astor Street, Milwaukee, Wis., will be glad to answer any inquiries. His address during July and August will be Lunenburg, Mass., R. F. D. 1.

In addition to the hotel rates sent on application, for one dollar a day board and rooms can be had in the vicinity of Lincoln Centre at the following places: 168, 174, 198 Oakwood Boulevard. Additional information, if needed in this line, will be published in the "Register."

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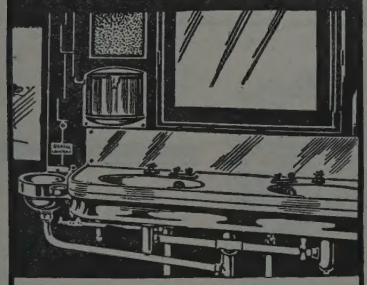

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